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LIGHT.

Light is the noblest of all the gifts in the natural order which God has bestowed upon His creatures. It is a fountain of joy and a source of life to every animated being. Even the vegetable world seeks and appreciates, as it were, its benign and vivifying influence. The tender house-plant is ever tending toward the window-pane, to be kissed by a ray of mellow light. It is light that invests nature with all her gorgeous beauties. All the pleasing varieties of colors can only be imagined as its effects. The soft green hue of the tender blade of grass, the beauty of the glittering dew drop, the charming rainbow in the heavens, are all due to this prime cause of beauty.

Without light the universe, if it were in existence at all, would present a horrid chaos, "a mighty maze without a plan." Our fair earth would be a heap of dead matter. Imagine we could view fair Cynthia deprived of her light; she would then appear but a ghastly and chaotic mass. From whatever portion of the universe we abstract light, there Old Chaos reigns supreme. God

himself styles light the essence of day; says the inspired writer, "And God called the light day."

Our greatest poets seem to have vied with one another in addressing this divine gift in an appropriate manner. Milton in that most beautiful and sublime apostrophe to light exclaims:

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven,
first-born.

Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam

May I express thee unblam'd? Since
God is light?"

Thompson, pre-eminently Nature's bard, sings:

"Light, Nature's resplendent robe;

Without whose vesting beauty all were
rapt

In gloom."

And again:

"Prime cheerer light:

Of all material beings first and best,
Efflux divine."

Many similar examples might be cited. If thus we see that our greatest geniuses are so enraptured on contemplating this heavenly creation, should we then wonder that the ancient Egyptians and

several other heathen nations paid honors to the sun, the great source of all natural light? Of all the various forms of idolatry this is the most reasonable, or, more correctly, the least absurd "since God himself is light."

But the natural light is not the highest gift we have received from our Creator. To the vegetable kingdom, as well as to the animal world, it is indeed the noblest boon and fully answers to their nature and state of existence. Man, however, carries a something within himself incomparably superior to the natural light: the light of reason. Without the intellectual light, man would be a deplorable creature, in many respects even inferior to the savage brutes inhabiting the unexplored wilds of trackless forests.

The development of mind being one potent factor in the progress of the world, civilization advances in proportion as this mental light is intensified. It is like the sweet queen of night gradually and gently rising, casting her mellow rays upon those as yet buried in darkness and ignorance.

The light of reason reveals to us innumerable things, of which without its aid we should either have no idea at all or at most a very imperfect or erroneous conception. Whatever we know in consequence of the inventions that human genius has made, we see only as illumined by the intense intellectual light of the great men of all times and all climes. Contemplating the nocturnal heavens, for instance, we behold innumerable glittering specks which we call stars; with the aid of the telescope they are discovered to be celestial spheres, some of them of almost boundless dimensions flying through space with a velocity approaching that of light itself. The telescope, however, is but the medium

through which we look; it is Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton that have shown us the way to those dizzy heights and lit up, as it were, the heavens for curious and investigating men. We know the celestial spheres only as viewed in the light of these superior geniuses.

When deceived by optical delusions or otherwise misled by appearances, it is the intellectual light that corrects us. For centuries and centuries our earth was believed to be located in the centre of the universe, until what had dimly dawned in the mind of Pythagoras, was eventually seen in bright day light when illumined by the rays emanating from the intellect of Copernicus and Galileo.

It is reason that makes man what he is, the king of creation. By the light of reason we have found means to dazzle the eyes of the infuriated beast, tame him, and make him subservient to our interests. The mighty powers of nature, the very elements have in a great degree been conquered by this mightier talisman. The light of Franklin's intellect has attracted the electric spark and forced this most wonderful of all forces to obey the human will. It was the intellect of Morse that enabled man to converse with his friend across the ocean at any moment. Our great cities are illumined every night by the dazzling light of the great Edison's mind.

Whatever power this invaluable light may possess, still it is finite and hence not all-powerful. As in the natural world we find also here many opaque bodies, mysteries which the light of reason will ever leave rapt in obscurity. To illumine these mysteries, to dispel these mists, the Eternal Light issued another ray, beyond conception more intense and dazzling than either the

natural or the intellectual light. This is the light of revelation. To this light we owe our knowledge of the truths of the supernatural order, the dogmas of religion, the science of the saints. Without it we should never have received a correct idea of the Supreme Being. Reason itself acknowledges this; for, as Dryden says,

“How can the less the greater comprehend?

Or finite reason reach infinity?

For what could fathom God, were more than He.”

If considered in the light of human reason only, many of the truths of our holy religion become like phantasmagoria exhibitions; they approach or recede, expand or contract, shine with an intense lustre or fade so as to grow all but invisible, all depending on the bent or capacity of the beholder's mind. But the light of revelation clears all these deceptions. It discloses to our view a grand panorama of truths, pure and brilliant, wherever the opaque bodies of pride or passion do not obstruct its passage.

This supernatural light is beyond comparison more intense and powerful than the light of reason. It does not lay before our vision the material heavens for scrutiny and investigation, but, penetrating even these etherial regions, it affords us a glimpse into the very abode of the Blessed, to perceive “what no eye has seen, no ear has heard.” The light of faith acquaints us, not indeed with the matter and qualities of the material sun, but it teaches us the being and essence of the Eternal Light itself.

If the intellectual light may be compared to the moon diffusing a dim light and dispelling utter darkness from the minds of benighted mankind, the light of revelation is the sun itself, the king of day, gloriously rising to announce a bright, serene day, at whose approach the light of reason dwindles into insignificance:

“Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travelers,

Is Reason to the soul; and, as on high

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear,

When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.”

Thus we see that natural light, the light of reason, and that of revelation, are really but different degrees of one and the same thing, the “efflux divine” from the same Eternal Source of all life and light. They form a kind of trinity, a close union, like a beam of natural light dissoluble into distinct and different colors, each having its own properties, each being supplementary to the others, but combined they form that one grand “co-eternal beam of the Eternal,” the great source of all natural, intellectual, and supernatural light, life, and happiness in all creation.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.



THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

"I sing in a voice too low
 To be heard beyond today,
 In minor keys of my people's woes,
 But my songs pass away.
 To-morrow hears them not —
 To-morrow belongs to fame;
 My songs, like the bird's, will be forgot,
 And forgotten shall be my name."

Just eleven times has the pilgrim world accomplished its weary tour around the sun since death stilled in a convent of busy Louisville one of the noblest and purest of recent Catholic singers, Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest, who loved his Church and State. Unpretentious was this son of song when he declared that his poems will fare in the manner expressed in the words we quote above. In our mind they will ever "echo from heart to heart," since his benign disposition, as well as his poetry, has won for himself a conspicuous and enduring place and a tender affection in the heart of every American Catholic.

The son of a Celtic patriot and of a gifted and lovely mother, little Abram began life with everything seemingly in his favor. In early childhood he was sent to school to be tutored by the Christian Brothers. Could the sympathetic, affectionate, and aspiring boy be other than a writer with such intellectual stimulus? When yet a mere youth he evinced great aptitude for poetry and would dictate to his fond mother the clear, chaste thoughts and smoothly flowing sentences that came to his youthful mind. She was a true critic and the pride in her son did not prevent her from pruning. How would he have

rejoiced in after years, if the book, the fruit of his affluent mind and the feelings of his pure heart, could have been placed in his mother's hands! But the former glimmer of her eyes could not see the pages nor read the lines, for her life's light was dimmed forever. Yet a joy was left for him. He dedicated to her these songs, tuned with the depth of devotion which only a priest knows who is aspiring to save and bring souls to Paradise. The world, always hungering for noble ideals, and reverently bending in awe when it finds a soul whose emotions are illumined with affections which make it akin to the angels, must accept Father Ryan's poems as the work of a genius. Every Catholic heart must sympathize with him in his songs.

Conservative critics will find in them much that is beautiful. By virtue of his volume of poetry, Father Ryan will take an equal place alongside with his most eminent contemporaries. His poems have splendid traits of genius and indications that their writer's mind was not without subtle imagination, delicate feeling, as well as a most vivid energy. There is much spiritual beauty in the composition of his graceful and thought-provoking stanzas. Passages might be culled which no great poet

would disown. Father Ryan had the soul of a great poet and would have attained the height of excellence in his art had not various circumstances clogged the cultivation of his poetic powers. His sacerdotal duties necessitated hasty composition and thus prevented him from displaying the full power of his genius. It is by no means unlikely that, had the opportunity been proffered to him of brooding with a more quiet intensity over the large store of poetry that lay chaotically in his nature, Father Ryan would have produced a work which would rival and perhaps excel the creations of his most distinguished contemporaries. The faithful discharge of his sacred duties, however, exacted of him a discipline that was not favorable to a high culture of his poetical power, and as he well expressed it, "My feet knew more of the humble steps that lead up to the Altar and its Mysteries than of the steepes that lead up to Parnassus and to the Home of the Muses." Yet he must write on, because the music lay in his soul, and his poor Muse drove lofty Pegasus, and the steed drew the lordly chariot to a splendid and glorious conclusion.

But scarcely had the sun of fame risen in the sky, when the threatening, gloomy clouds of the Civil War spread the blackness of darkness broadcast over the land. What this calamity was to one who loves color and sunlight, and who gains inspiration from leaf, flower, and sea, none know save those who have experienced it. No wonder, then, that the harp strings of his heart were melancholy strains; his music has therefore often been collated with that of the lamented Poe. Although Father Ryan ran the gamut of his poetry in the minor chords, yet they possess music that

is winning and gentle and search out with such subtle power all in the heart that is pure and good. Never was a poet more honest in the expression of his nature. In reading him we feel a breath and warmth of temperament which has ever a kindling effect on our sensibility. His songs are the reflections of the mood of the mind of a large-hearted and most lovable man. We admire his poetry the more since it is the honest impress of the writer's nature and is pervaded by the tenderness and thoughtfulness of the brooding spirit and tintured by the emotions which animated the soul of the poet-priest. Everything that is touched by his heart and colored by his imagination, all that mingles with his musings and inspirations, is fresh and natural. We delight, as doubtlessly does every reader, to glide down the soft, melodious cadences, and, while we nestle in the music of his smooth flowing words, we float placidly down the limpid current of his melancholy and inspiring sentiments.

The delicate meaning of his verses are a delight to the reader, who loves to linger over their analysis. His poetry is not distinguished as being eminently picturesque, nor does it evince nicety of epithet and elaborate scholarly finish. The above qualities do not indicate the characteristic bent of Father Ryan's genius, or give a glimpse of the spirit by which it was pervaded. A person in reading his poems would say that they touch the most tender strings of my nature, they breathe energy into my soul, and fix my soul on what is stable and eternal. Why then question the artistical ability of the poet, when that which lies behind his style and mechanical skill is of paramount importance? The thought is of more importance than the mode of expressing it. If the for-

mer be worthless, the latter is not worth consideration. The great characteristic of Father Ryan is, therefore, that he addresses the moral nature through the imagination and links moral truth to intellectual beauty. This is a greater excellence, and the real merits thereof relate to qualities which lie deeper than rhetoric or mere artistical skill; qualities which art cannot imitate. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections must needs fashion its poetry, emotions, and features, with its own angelic likeness, like the rose and lily which grow in grace and blossom in loveliness that art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, and irradiates with Heaven's own loveliness, as a pervading kindness and purity of heart. Father Ryan's poetry is permeated by a loftiness, purity, and tenderness of heart, as he so well expresses these qualities when he clothes subtle and delicate thought, and embodies his moral sentiments in beautiful and ennobling forms, and interweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of his songs, and addresses the finest sympathies of the heart.

His religious poems are suggestive of a purer and higher life and fill us with a mingled love and fear; they have a graciousness that wins us and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. The kindly affections, the moral sentiments, the joys, sorrows, aspirations, regrets, loves and wishes of his heart, hymn and reverence and pay adoration to heavenly Beauty, and awe and thrill the soul into which they enter. Father Ryan also shows his poetic expression in the subtlest lyric mood. There is much energy in his patriotic lyrics and they make the reader's blood

rush and tingle in warlike sympathies. The words, as well as the metre, are virile and effective. They are perfect in form and conception and show a varied ability; not only introspection, but also an outlook upon the world and the needs and hopes of humanity. They make us wish that more of the heroic, of which American life and history is full, had been immortalized by his pen.

If one would know the perfection of true, pure love, its self-abnegation, its loyalty, its holiness, let him read, "Their Story Runneth Thus." What can equal its lines, so chaste, perfect in form, delicate and beautiful in spirit? Who that has loved and lost has not felt his eyes fill with tears and his heart throb as he reads the lines so innocent in feeling and chaste in expression? It is an offering laid on the altar of buried love to one who had been "all in all" to him. The graceful pen of this poet has given to us an exquisite garland, "Sorrow and Flowers." We fain would pluck, if space permitted, from this handmade crown of immortelles a few of the imperishable flowers, to urge the reader to gaze upon the wreath.

"The Song of the Mystic," "De Profundis," "The March of the Deathless Dead," "Sentinel Songs," "Tears," "The Prince Imperial," "In Memory of My Brother," "The Sacred Heart," "Rest," "The Rosary of My Tears," and "A Nocturne," have a sweet, soft charm which advantageously display the range of their writer's power, affluence of imagination, images of grandeur, grace, and beauty. They strikingly manifest his sentiment, fancy, and manner, and are the most finely poetical of his poems.

We all have to learn with Father Ryan to go through life singing as we go. For who shall make the world

musical, if not the poet? Who shall lift up humanity to its best both intellectually and morally, if not the singers? The poetry of Father Ryan holds out to us sweet and touching sentiments, and must appeal to all lovers of true, genuine poetry, since it is so full of the

truth and sound thought, that we much mistake if it does not win for its writer, gifted in mind and beautiful in character, an abiding place in every Catholic American heart.

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.



A MAY MORN.

Slowly Aurora is raising the veil o'er the slumbering height,
 Fanning the misty dales
 Softly with vernal gales,
 Tinging the fathomless blue with her rosy and delicate hue;
 High on the clouds of gray
 Glimmers a genial ray,
 Phoebus now smiles on Dame Nature with quivering lips of delight.

Hark, the melodious trilling and warbling of nature's plumed choir,
 Loudly re-echo strains
 Wafted o'er hills and plains
 Greeting the dawning of day and the Queen of the beautiful May;
 Ruffling their pearly wings,
 Chirping on shady swings,
 Sipping the nectar from nature's fair cups in their festive attire.

Nature's enrapturing splendor is working in silence its way,
 Lambs overcome by glee
 Frisk on the verdant lea,
 Children are tripping o'er lawns as the nimble and frolicsome fawns,
 Plucking the trembling flow'rs,
 Singing 'neath sun-basked bow'rs,
 Soft intermingles the cadence of songsters aroused by the lay.

Zephyrs are breathing aromas, the sweetest of incense to May
 Gathered from flow'ry dells,
 Cooled by the wat'ry swells;
 Blossoms, as roseate snow, are rejoicing at Winter's o'erthrow.
 Falling from tremulous trees,
 Waving as leafy seas.
 Fountains are swaying and playing in silvery showers of spray.

VICTOR J. SCHARE, '97

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND NON-CATHOLIC BARDS.

The minds of illustrious men flow in the same crystalline channel. The silvery moon flooding the azuresky with her effulgent beams has always inspired the satellites of Apollo; while the spotless lily breathing its aromatic perfumes is a theme the muses love to sing. It is therefore not striking that throughout the enchanting realms of poetry we observe our sweetest and most prolific non-Catholic bards singing encomiums to the "Lily of Israel." Although that sincere fervor and burning love that breathes in the verses of the Catholic poets is wanting, it is not owing to a failure of their Muse, but to a misconception of the real veneration due to the Immaculate Queen. Unhappily, they are insensible to the glow of her shining virtues. That undying spiritual joy that floods the soul in our devotion to Mary are feelings of unspeakable bliss unknown to them. Between their meager notions and the Catholic reverence of the Blessed Virgin, there is an unbridged gulf. They merely pay homage to her as "Woman! above all women glorified," not as the mother of the God-Man; their affections are "a blinding mist of day break love."

Though not nurtured within the bosom of the Church, Wordsworth, Scott, Poe, and Longfellow have, nevertheless, conceived a true appreciation of Mary's incomparable holiness. They have bequeathed hymns and sonnets in honor of the "Queen of Heaven," which on perusing we might adequately believe issued from the perennial fountain of Catholic sources, were we not cognizant with the biographies and residuum of their works.

"The Virgin" beautifully expresses Wordsworth's lofty conception of Our Lady's exquisite virtues. Nowhere in the sweet realms of poetry can we find a garland of eulogies more charmingly expressed. Teeming "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn," it alone is sufficient to place its author in the coterie of "the few of the immortal names that were not born to die." How impressive yet beautifully simple are these lines:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at day break
strewn
With fancied roses of the unblemished
moon
Before her wane begins on Heaven's blue
coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I
ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might
bend
As to a visible form in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

From the words "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," Wordsworth seems to express a belief in the dogmatical doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. What a pity he did not behold the other truths of the Church in the same undimmed lustre. It is sadly to be regretted that puritanical bigotry should find fertility to take root and burgeon in so noble a soul.

It is passing strange that the "prince of romance," who labored under inherited prejudices against the Mother

Church and who could not forbear to send out against its professors many a scorn-tipped arrow, should uphold one of the most inspiring devotions of the Church by his beautiful Hymn to the Virgin.

"Ave Maria undefiled

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down or eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!"

Schubert has composed his famous "Ave Maria" upon Scott's verses to Mary.

All devotees of literature are acquainted with the sensitive, wayward, melancholy career of Edgar Allen Poe. A morbid delight for the sombre grotesque has left its trace throughout his poems. In the "Hymn to the Mother of God," his thoughts happily soar from the "region of sight" into the Elysian fields, and he has chanted us a sublime anthem pregnant with fervent piety. It runs thus:

"At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by
And not a cloud obscured the sky
My soul, lest it should truant be
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee—
Now when the storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine."

Could anything more tenderly touching exemplify the author's love and devotion? A spark of virtue though invisible must still have glowed within his bosom.

Last, but not least, of our "elect" is "the most Catholic of non-Catholic poets"—Longfellow. His entire writings possess a moral sublimity rarely

equaled. In "Evangeline" the acme of his poetical prowess, "a rich glow of Catholic faith breathes from every line, warming up the entire poem and making it a thing of beauty which is a joy forever." He has chanted sweetest eulogiums in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Who can read the following without being awakened to its fascinating beauty.

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;

Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!"

And thus he continues in extolling her marvellous virtues:

"And if our faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer

Than all the creeds that world had known before."

Non-Catholics invariably withhold from Mary the title of *blessed*, considering it too lavishing a praise. Longfellow was a glorious exception to this rule.

Thus we could recall other non-Catholic bards who have sung sweetest encomiums to the celestial Queen. And as the tiniest seeds yield large fruits, we have cogent reason for believing that, if their inspirations flowed from the fountains of love and not merely to electrify and gain the applause of the literary world, when their life's star had run its course, they found in Mary a powerful intercessor.

EDWARD J. MUNGOVAN, '97.

TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

Arising from a perusal of narrative or descriptive writing, one is at first at a loss to collect his scattered ideas, or to unite his impressions into sufficient coherency for a criticism of the work just read. Like a person about to apply his lips to a cup of water, but prevented from drinking by the sediments circling around the brim, one finds it difficult to settle down into quiet recollection on account of the thoughts coursing through his brain, and urging themselves upon one's consideration. After reading Irving's "Tour of the Prairies," who would not prefer the pleasure of relating the incidents disconnectedly, to the disciplinary task of formulating his impressions of the book into a dignified review?

The little narrative of adventures on the western wilds by the father of American Literature may not be to the liking of the morbidly sensational mind that would rather pamper its sickly imagination by gorging more sanguinary episodes. A few lines, on the other hand, will already be sufficient to dispel any misgivings of the cultured class of readers, and satisfy the most fastidious taste. The book is an interesting and entertaining relation of events incidental to a tour over a new country, enlivening illustrations of camp life, and inspiring pen pictures of magnificent scenery.

The only incentive for undertaking this excursion into a wild and dangerous country was the author's love of traveling. This wandering nature of his has been the medium of giving to

the world a grand collection of literary treasures, consisting of history, descriptive pastoral tales, ideal romance, and rich humor. Where age has left its marks of romance, legend, and time; where simplicity cast a soft charm upon village life, or where the soul was awed by the sublime and picturesque aspect of nature, there Irving roamed and mused. In these scenes he spent delightful hours, gathering stores of romance, the ancient lore of the people, or his soul communing with the sublimity and grandeur or the peacefulness of his surroundings.

While thus roaming over a country new and uninhabited by civilized men, as yet under the enchanted spell of the primeval quietude, broken only by the red man's war songs and battle cries, he has given instructive description of our own land, a country as it lay in all the glory of virgin nature, the time before the conquering march of civilization had ruthlessly hewn down the mighty forests, and left the plains teeming with cities, villages, and farms.

The route traveled over by our author extended far beyond the remotest outposts of civilization. From Fort Gibson as the last habitation of the white man, it lay along the broad waters of the Arkansas. The country had a charming aspect to the eye of Irving. Each succeeding day brought newer scenes and more adventures. In giving the events of the excursion, the author has not failed to sketch the characters and brusque appearance of the companions and escorts that formed the company he

journeyed with. The hardy, rough frontier rangers were good subjects for description by the pen of Irving.

His clear illustration of appearances, habits and characteristics of the individuals give real ideas of the rough western chivalry. The amusing peculiarities are not lost upon his observant eyes, and he relates them in his humorous style. Traveling with this band of hardy frontier hunters, rangers, and scouts over a wild country, through unbroken forests, over plains and hills, crossing rivers and streams, breathing the air of unfettered freedom pictured by the pen of genius, is suggestive of a thousand pleasant imaginations to the reader.

The camp scenes at night are described in a picturesque style and with a pleasing effect. Such scenes as depicted amid the sombre forest trees around the glowing fire throwing grotesque and ghastly shadows of man and beast upon the surrounding woodland giants, are the themes of many fine descriptions. From the wood, the camp scene is at times transferred to the wide and silent prairie under the canopy of a clear heaven. "Often, says the author, "I awoke at night and gazed up at the stars that studded the sky." The dismal howl of wolves upon the clear night air created feelings of dismal solitude upon the travelers.

Many stories are told of interesting hunting exploits. The hunters stalked the deer and elk. They indulged in

exciting chase of buffalo; laying many of these great shaggy forms low, killing at times only for mere pleasure. The author relates that smaller game was beneath the notice of the western hunters. Wild turkeys abounded, but were disdained. The great forest swarmed with all the nobler animals. The prairies were the feeding grounds of numberless herds of buffaloes.

Alas! these days are past. The little remnant of wild game that inhabits our thinly scattered forest is being rapidly exterminated by the ruthless hand of the nimrod. The time when the hunter's paradise existed in America lives only in the memory of our oldest settlers, and in such narratives as Irving's "Tour on The Prairies."

Possessing the literary merits of the sister efforts of Irving's pen, "Tour on The Prairies" is written in the usual easy and beautiful style of its author. The style of the writer of Sunnyside may be compared to a bright summer sky overcast only with a hazy, lingering film of fleecy clouds, although we know that it came from a mind that was often disturbed by melancholy reflections; but so is the ocean tumultuous, whence arise those bright vapory screens in the heavens. Irving combined the merits of both Swift's and Addison's style, and the characteristic quality of his writings may perhaps be called mellowness, a word that he himself was fond of using.

CHARLES E. CRUSEY, Com. II.



THE ELECTRIC TORPEDO.

"Allie's fleet is bombarding New York." Thus read the message hung out on the Tribune's bulletin board, around which was gathered an excited mass of people whose number ran up in the tens of thousands. The day before, the powerful flagship Britannia at the head of the English channel fleet had forced the passage of the Golden Gate, and a foreign flag now floated over the metropolis of the Pacific coast.

Troops were being rapidly mobilized, and an extra session of Congress was called by President Mathews to devise means for carrying on war. A land engagement at Newark between the European confederates and the army of the East under the veteran General Miles had demonstrated the superiority of the American army, but the navy was completely outclassed.

Arrayed against the combined and modernized fleets of England, the Triple Alliance, and Spain, were some twenty antiquated cruisers remaining from the building boom in the navy during the latter part of the last century.

The suspense that precedes a first general engagement was over, and the country awakened to its danger. Our miserable coast defences were utterly inadequate as a means of protection for the seaboard cities. Unless some brilliant project were soon hatched, the national honor was in a fair way to disgrace.

The present crisis was brought about in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five by the German Emperor's attempts to land troops in Cuba, at this time invaluable for him as a coaling

station for his magnificent new navy. The United States naturally objected to this proceeding, and her ultimatum to King William having been rejected, she declared war against him. England joined forces with Germany, and Spain still rancorous over the part taken by this country in the liberation of Cuba, eagerly embraced an opportunity to retaliate.

In a room over Delmonico's cafe, New York, within sound and possibly within range of the enemy's cannon, sat the venerable Thomas Edison. You smile at the idea of Edison being alive at this late date, but Edison had discovered a means of prolonging life far beyond the Scriptural three score and ten. With him was a young man who appeared to be about thirty years of age. The latter's square cut chin and steelgray eyes were indicative of his dogged determination. Jack Durham's dominant trait was tenacity of purpose. It was this quality that had induced Edison to select him to execute his invention for the country's deliverance. His instructions to Jack were as simple as the invention itself was elaborate.

"Tomorrow," began Edison, endeavoring to raise his voice above the ceaseless roar of the mortars, "you will accompany me to the Secretary of War, who is at present in the city, to whom we shall submit"—The sentence was never completed. A shell that, fortunately for Durham, failed to explode, had laid prostrate in death the greatest creative genius of two centuries.

The Secretary of War was deluged with Utopian schemes, so it was with

the greatest difficulty that Durham obtained an interview with him. The feasibility of his plans was, however, soon recognized, and Cramp Brothers at once began the construction of the new submarine engine that was to place the hostile fleet *hors de combat*. In the month of August it appeared in the harbor of New York with a full crew and ready for action.

The same evening it sank from view and steamed toward the most powerful cruiser of the besieging fleet. Boring a passage through the steel net, with one of the electric screws, placed fore and aft, it plowed ahead, and struck the vessel squarely amidship, at the same time applying full power to the electric screw, which noiselessly but surely placed a huge hole in the ship's hold. Within twenty minutes, only a few faint gurgles remained to mark the post

where the 'Kaiser Wilhelm' had once floated. Before the lapse of two months, this strange destroyer had so terribly crippled the attacking fleets that the European confederates eagerly sued for peace.

At the Havana treaty, Honorable John Durham was the sole representative of the United States. By its terms Great Britain ceded entire Canada to this country, and the remaining members of the confederation agreed to pay a war indemnity of three billion dollars. When in sight of Jacksonville on the return voyage, a great hurricane swept the successful envoy from the weather deck of the ship he had built, and no trace of him was ever after found. With his death was lost the secret of the invention.

THOMAS TRAVERS, '99.



IN THE SPRING.

Happy footsteps, to and fro
Through the fresh green copses spring-
Happy laughters, whispers low, [ing;
Chiming with the streamlet's singing.
Twittering birds and voices clear,
Budding violets, brightening eyes;
Spring of life, and spring of year
Blending under April skies.

Branches arching overhead,
Brave in spring-tide's bright array,
Glittering flecks of sunlight shed;
Like strewn jewels in the way.
Primrose, virginal and pure,
Gallant crocus, bright and bold;
Red anemone, secure
In his mosses' clinging hold.

Blue forget-me-not that gazes
On her own eyes in the river;
Great convolvulus that raises
Blossoms where the willows quiver.
All these gems of Nature lay
Scattered broadcast on your road;
Youth and maidens, while you may,
Take the boons by spring bestowed.

Never Summer's lavish glory,
Never Autumn's tender sadness,
Breathes the Springtime wooing story,
Gives the Springtime's fearless gladness.
Blight amid the fruits will creep,
Thorns amid the roses sting.
Fresh to gather, sweet to keep,
Are the buds that bloom in Spring.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL.

The liturgy of the Catholic Church is at all seasons expressive of her sentiments, and calculated to edify the faithful; but the ceremonies and chants of Holy Week are particularly impressive. The drama of the Redemption is enacted with solemn and awful grandeur. The bride of Christ in her sorrow and anguish of spirit recalls every scene of His passion. The actors and spectators of the real tragedy are represent-

ed: the meekly suffering Redeemer in the person of the priest; the deacon relating the mournful history of the passion; the subdeacon representing Pilate and other personages; while the taunting and blasphemous exclamations of the Jews are heard from the choir. The pious Christian is deeply moved by the grand spectacle which overawes by its significance and by the sublimity of theme and character.

Dr. Johannes Brahms, the famous composer, is dead. It is now for the musical world to judge whether the prediction of Schumann, that Brahms would "give full expression to the highest ideals of the time" has been verified. If the musical world at large were asked, it would make a negative reply, and even those musicians who are not sworn followers of Brahms hesitate to answer affirmatively. Johannes Brahms is in some respects the successor of Beethoven; his music reveals intellectual greatness and is classically objective. But it is not joyous or sensuous, and for this reason rather a mine of wealth to musicians than a source of pleasure to music-loving people. Some musicians, notably Chopin, demand a correspondingly tempered disposition to understand them. This may also in some degree be said of Brahms; he at least does not at once disclose himself to a stranger, but musicians who are brought to understand him, in turn admire, love, and revere this great master.

Every student is concerned with memory to such an extent that he may give it special attention. The growth of memory depends chiefly upon the manner in which the mind receives its impressions. If we receive a concept before its precursor, the percept, it is

most probable that we receive no impression at all; memory remains blank. Memory cannot be developed exclusively, or independent of any other faculty. Memory can be trained, but such training is one of the most difficult problems in the art of education. A well-trained memory should possess three characteristics; acquisitive skill, tenacity of retention, and readiness of reproduction. Training of the memory, however, is but a part of education. In our mental efforts, if the association of ideas plays its part, memory usually takes care of

itself. Acquisition is limited by the charges in the plastic power of the brain. Within these limits, the amount of retention attained is determined by the amount of exercise. Prejudicial to the training of memory, though, is learning by rote. The learning of definitions may illustrate this point. When a student commits a definition without giving a thought to its import, he is learning by rote, and he will profit as much thereby as if he had conned the same in Sanskrit.



THE LECTURES.

The second lecture of the course so auspiciously begun on the evening of St. Patrick's was delivered April 7th by Rev. Chas. Ganzer of Kentland, Ind. The reputation of Father Ganzer as a pulpit orator had filled us with the anticipation of a rare treat, and indeed our expectations were fully realized.

The subject of the learned discourse was "The Cross," a word almost unknown to the lecture platform, and to many it is not suggestive except in connection with sermons and works of piety. The skill of the lecturer was manifested by the attractive manner of the delivery and the harmony of the development. All tendency to dullness, owing to the nature of the discourse, was successfully obviated by anecdotes of a humorous nature which served the double purpose of enlivening the discourse and illustrating different phases of the subject.

Speaking of the cross historically, as a means of capital punishment, the

origin was ascribed to the Assyrians. It was also employed by various Asiatic nations.

Among the Jews, stoning to death was the usual mode of punishment, yet death by the cross was not uncommon. Crucifixion was considered the most ignominious punishment that man could inflict by reason of the horror and suffering which attended it; hence it was the last brand placed upon a vile and degraded person. It was mostly inflicted upon murderers and persons guilty of the most atrocious crimes. In the Roman Empire if the guilty one was a Roman citizen, he was deemed a punishment too infamous, however great might be his crimes. The crucified were sometimes nailed, sometimes bound to the cross; and in this state they often lived for days, until exhausted by pain or devoured by wild beasts.

The triumphs of the cross. Jesus Christ by His crucifixion raised the cross from an instrument

of disgrace to one of honor and glory. For several centuries after this event the cross continued to be a means of punishment among the Romans, until A. D. 312, when Constantine led on to victory by this sign, adopted it as the standard of his legions and the insignia of imperial power. It was then, after the Church came forth from caves and catacombs into open day and was permitted to erect shrines and temples to the Most High, that the cross in various forms was used in architecture, in decorations, and in everything connected with the divine service. The use of the cross as a mark of honor and distinction is general. It points heavenward upon every Catholic place of worship. It is wrought in the masonry of the walls, which within are adorned with its painted representations. In all ceremonies and upon vestments and all articles used in the divine functions the cross is employed. To the eye of faith, everything appears cruciform, even man himself bears the form of the cross in the shape of his body.

The speaker aptly compared the lightness of the trials in youth to the cross of manhood ever growing heavier by the accumulating weight of years.

The spirit that animates some Catholics who slight or entirely ignore ceremonies and observances of the Church which they deem unimportant was strongly condemned.

The lecture closed with an eloquent

plea for genuine Catholicism and a courageous avowal of convictions both by word and deed.

The third of this year's course of lectures at the College was delivered by Rev. Chas. Romer of Delphi, Ind. Father Maximilian, introducing the speaker, pointed out that the theme of the lecture possessed charm and interest for all, because the heaven-born art of music has almost become synonymous with culture and refinement. The Rev. lecturer proposed to divide his subject into three parts, treating one in each discourse. Beginning with the history of music, he discussed the music of the ancient nations, showing that the chosen people of God and the more flourishing nations of antiquity clearly understood it to be a means of communicating with the Deity, and that they in consequence invested it with a religious character. He traced the development of music from its origin, to which the Bible assigns a very early date, among the Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks, Hindoos, and Chinese with the result that no nation except that of the Greeks made any far-reaching advances in the tonal art. The lecture was highly instructive and it need not be said that the two remaining discourses on the subject are eagerly anticipated.

Besides Father Romer, the other Rev. lecturers on the program for this term are the Rev. J. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. J. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. F. Wiechmann, Gas City, Ind.



EXCHANGES.

The April number of *The Abbey Student* and *The Stylus* is embellished with portraits of the *personnel* of the staff. To T. W. Keene, a paragon of histrionic art, this number of *The Abbey Student* is devoted, and the leading article worthily commemorates the tragedian's visit.

From the Eastern Metropolis we received for the first time *The Xavier*, a paper well edited in its departments, which give evidence of the high standard of the College from which it hails. We straightway missed the ex-column in in this creditable issue.

Various school journals reach our table. Among the most prominent are *The High School Bulletin* and *The Riverview Student* from the far East. Taking into consideration the number of persons on the editorial staff, the literary merit of these papers is not commendable,

The Mountaineer usually devotes considerable space to short stories and entertains with a variety of topics interesting to the student's mind. The latest numbers treat us to a timely and well written review of two recent publications, "The Ambassador of Christ," and "The Church and Modern Society," works from the pen of our distinguished prelates Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland respectively.

In its artistic and comely cover the *St. James School Journal*, an unassuming paper progressing under the editorship of a genial company of writers who amuse with their pleasant and inspiring sayings, is rapidly gaining favor with its exchanges. Much credit

is due to this paper, for it has not the amenity as have many of our exchanges; as it is from a school in the Windy City under the grey mist of Lake Michigan and in an atmosphere of headache and *ennui* that this journal goes forth.

It is a great achievement nowadays to be entertaining, and this *The Dial* effects by its lively, fantastic, short stories. The writers are masters at the work. They show not only ingenuity in the plots and choice of characters, but also marshal the incidents with consummate art. In its poetic *forte* it could essay a rhyming tilt with any exchange. But viewing the literary standard as the gnomon of *The Dial*, it is not indicative of that former excellence; its substantial articles seem to fall below their previous standard.

Our interest in reading the *Ave Maria* is kept taut throughout. Its reading matter is ever instructive and inculcates the highest moral principles. It breathes an air of ideality and reality, a nobility of thought and purpose and a well chosen expression. "Bits of Colored Glass," "Notes and Remarks," and "With Authors and Publishers," are of importance to all literati, to whom they proffer a valuable array of statistics and facts of interest. "Recollection of Aubrey de Vere" are of special interest and are told with rare felicity of expression, making the reader acquainted with English men and places of note. The pages of the *Ave Maria* are also adorned with bits of dainty verse, for which there can be no lack of appreciation.

I. F. Z.

NEW BOOKS.

The ardent desire of our Holy Father that the Sacred Scriptures be more extensively read, has been rendered more feasible by a new edition of the New Testament. This recent publication, handsomely bound, is of the size of an ordinary prayer-book, and hence convenient for everybody. Its distinguishing and commendable feature consists of one hundred excellent full-page illustrations representing remarkable incidents and acts of Our Savior and the Apostles. This is the greatest effort hitherto made toward popularizing a more general perusal of the Holy Bible, and this feature itself is its best recommendation.—*Net 60 cents; Benziger Bros., 36 & 38 Barclay St., N. Y.*

"Vocations Explained," by a Vincentian Father, 16 mo., Flexible Cloth, 10 cents; \$5.00 per hundred. Benziger Bro., New York. This convenient and durable booklet is an abridgment of the author's larger volume "Questions on Vocations," and has been put in this shorter and cheaper form, because many of the Bishops, Priests, Brothers, and Sisters want to introduce it into the schools. The necessity of following one's vocation, the marks of a vocation to a Religious State, the duties of parents in regard to the vocation of their children, and the means of following a vocation are explained very lucidly and concisely. The Rev. author confirms and illustrates his remarks by various Bible texts and by adducing the opinions of the Holy Fathers and the teaching of the Church on these points. No aspect of the question of one's vocation is overlooked. The short

chapter on "Mixed Marriages," and the one explaining the difference between the moral "Obligation" and the "Privilege" of entering the Religious State are especially clear and profitable. The instruction is imparted in such a manner that it may linger in the mind and be called up for reflection at the right moment.

"Messrs. Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) have nearly ready "The Taming of Polly," an original American story by Ella Loraine Dorsey, to which all American girls will give a glad welcome. Polly is a real live girl, but not a local girl; she is of the composite order, for her prototype may be found in every part of the country. She has something of all girls in her; she is loving and lovable, cross and mischievous. She has her trials, her temptations, her audacities; in fact is very much of a girl, and for that reason her young friends will be warm, and she will become part of their every-day life. The best in a story as fresh and honest and good as "The Taming of Polly" is that it gives our girls a standard by which they can judge themselves. The tendency of nearly all English books for young folk is to make them look at everything from merely a human point of view. But, though Miss Dorsey never preaches she accentuates the supernatural in life. She makes us see Polly, her friends and acquaintances and everything about her, in a series of pictures from life which make those who study them brighter—and better. Catholic American girls can no longer complain that boys have a monopoly of the best stories—for here comes Polly."

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

I have just returned from a Mission given in the Cathedral of *Magliano-Sabino*. Being one of the ancient cities of old Sabina, we naturally remember that famous episode of Roman History known as the "Rape of the Sabines." The Latin name of the city is *Manli-um*, (apparently from Manlius, the defender of the Capitol,) and the first mention of it is found about the year 900 after Christ. Since the discovery of America, this city is the See of a Suburbicarian Bishop, i. e. of a Cardinal-Bishop, now Cardinal Mocenni, with whom, very naturally, I became somewhat acquainted on this occasion.

A nice little story is told with regard to the Ponte-Felice, a bridge crossing the Tiber in the neighborhood of that city. Sixtus the Fifth, when a simple Friar, whose secular name was *Felice Perretti*, had met with great difficulty in crossing the river at that place on a ferry. The vexation of the moment prompted him to say: "Believe me, that if I ever become Pope, I'll not cross the Tiber here on a ferry, but on a bridge." He kept his word; the massive bridge is there still, and is called *Felice* after his name.

The clerical Seminary of Magliano is the third if not the second (as some claim) to have been founded after the Council of Trent.

Frequent rains and snows in central

Italy during November and December ult. had caused the Tiber to overflow several times, inundating the valley, over which Magliano commands a magnificent view, and damaging most severely the green fields and the early cereals. In order to avoid further calamities, the people and clergy of that city took refuge to the Holy Virgin. Consequently, the miraculous image of the Mother of God, which is kept there in great veneration, was transferred from its small shrine to the Cathedral, where special services were held. After some time, when the people felt sure that their prayers had been heard and the temporal favor obtained, arrangements were made to return the image with great pomp to its own church, and it was agreed upon that a mission of twelve days should close the exercises at the Cathedral, from January 20th to February 1st. This was the occasion of my visit to Magliano.

Since the second inst. I am here at Anagni, and will remain until Easter. Before leaving, I shall try to write a little page about this historical place.

Best regards to you all, and many hearty congratulations to the clever students who write those learned articles in the COLLEGIAN.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, C. PP. S.

Anagni (Rome,) March 26, '97.



SOCIETY NOTES.

Columbian Literary Society.—The constitutional bi-weekly programs of the Columbian Literary Society are always an object of interest to the student body;

but the contestants on the hackneyed debate, Resolved, that the efforts of the Nihilists in Russia are deserving of the sympathies of a free people, evoked

such lively interest on the night of the 11th of April that they merit special mention. Mr. Missler by his excellent composition, and Messrs. Burke and Seroczynski by their eloquent delivery, elicited much praise from the local critics.

Another happy event of the Society was the recent election which resulted as follows: President, A. Riester; Vice President, G. Hartjens; Secretary, S. Kuhnmuensch; Treasurer, A. Schmidt; Critic, I. Zircher; Marshal, E. Byrne; Executive Committee, J. Burke, C. Crusey, F. Seroczynski; Editor, W. Hordeman.

St. Boniface Literary Society.—The Society convened April 24th and elected the following officers: President, A. Weyman; Vice President, F. Seroczynski; Secretary, G. Hartjens; Treasurer, F. Horst; Critic, G. Heimburger; Marshal, T. Reitz; Executive Committee, F. Koch, A. Riester, T. Travers.

Aloysian Literary Society.—The A. L. S. held their regular election on the 8th of April. Following is the result: President, C. Rohrkemper; Vice President, G. Jeffreys; Secretary, E. Schweitzer; Treasurer, E. Kiely; Librarian & Editor, R. Peele; Marshal, J.

Hatfield; Executive Committee, W. Laibe, J. Wessel, G. Diefenbach.

The Aloysians wish to express a vote of thanks to Rev. Andrew Gietl for the interesting donations made to their museum.

The same Society wishes to thank Mr. Simon Kuhnmuensch for Schmidt's Tales, which he placed on their book shelves.

The master-brush of Father Paulinus has recently painted three beautiful pictures to adorn the walls of our reading room. We sincerely thank him for the lively interest he takes in the welfare and promotion of our society.

The recent departure for home of Geo. Aug, one of our most loved members, was greatly felt by the A. L. S. We cannot repay Master Aug for what he did to make our society successful in all its endeavors and to make it deserving of its title. He was its leader in literary battles and always led it forth victorious. He has the honor of having been the first President of the A. L. S. In his beautiful valedictory, Master Aug happily expressed his love and devotion toward the society and his fellow Aloysians. Best wishes to George!



FIELD SPORTS.

BASE BALL.

What in other years was a hazy probability has at last become a reality through the strenuous efforts of some of our Rev. professors at the College. A representative team is now an accomplished fact and the local "fans" are glad. At a meeting of the now defunct

ball teams, Messrs. Connelly, Mungovan, and Cook were elected Manager, Captain, and Secretary in the order named. A call from Cap't. Mungovan brought about fifteen candidates into the field, and every man was given a thorough trial before his eligibility was passed upon. It might not be amiss to

state here that it is both the duty and to the advantage of every candidate, although defeated, to continue practice with energy, for upon a first sign of incompetency in a regular, he will have an opening. After mature consideration of the qualities that go to make up a winning aggregation, and of the players best adapted to fill these requisites, twelve "good men and true" were selected to do battle for our glory in the national sport.

In Cook and Besinger, the team has two excellent slab artists, who will also alternate at the initial divan, to keep their batting and clever works on the paths in the game. The former's slow ball should prove very deceptive, especially so after the "living catapult" has been putting them over the plate with a blue trail in their rear. Both men are still a trifle erratic. Missler will be the receiving end of the battery, and we all know his form as a backstop. At the second sack, Scharf will officiate, and with a little more ginger will do it well. His batting is somewhat nervous. Cap't. Mungovan, the "little gladiator," is still doing business at the old stand in short field, and he is, as of yore, a hitter *par excellence*. At third, Travers is practicing fairly well, and is connecting quite frequently, though he could improve his work in this regard by better facing. McLaughlin, Schneider and Stolz is the trio that guards the remaining pastures, and with the exception of tardiness in starting, they are doing it to the queen's taste. McLaughlin is a free and steady hitter, who pays close attention to proper playing, which is a great factor in boosting the score. Timidity marks

Schneider's work at the stick, but he is withal to be relied upon in an emergency. Stolz is a speedy player in every department of the game. Nearly every player takes chances on the bases with good judgment. The strength of the team when thrown among hostile elements will remain an unknown quantity, until after the opening game. Without a permanent "scrub" team, it is next to impossible to acquire the finesse of the game, and we have no competent "scrub" team. In the coming contest let every student of the College give his enthusiastic support to the team, remembering that a good, honest yell in unison acts like a charm upon a nine playing an uphill game. Remember, too, that the other side has rights, and do not conceal abuse under the mask of aiding the team. Manager Connelly has arranged for a game with Rensselaer on May Day.

TENNIS.

A new tennis club was organized shortly before Easter by a number of students from the North Hall, who have stretched their net over a court carefully laid out on the campus, adjoining the old ball-grounds. Observation of the playing develops the fact that considerable dexterity at handling the racket is being acquired, and leads to the conclusion that ere long a challenge will be received by the original club, to a tournament to be held some time toward the close of the school. The latter organization includes all the old favorites and a few new members who continue to sustain their prestige in the games played daily on their grounds east of the new base ball diamond.





PERSONALS.

Rev. Michael Muche, C. PP. S., of McCartyville, O., was the guest of the College on the 21st.

Master Geo. Jeffreys received a visit from his aunt, Mrs. R. S. Thurston of Chicago, during the early part of the month.

Brother Vincent Geier, for several years connected with the Collegeville farm, has been transferred by his superiors to Carthagenia, O.

Rev. Hilary Hoelscher, O. S. F. and Rev. Aloysius Kurtz, O. S. F. of Lafayette, Ind., were welcome guests at Collegeville on the 20th.

Our popular prefect, Mr. Bartholomew Besinger, assisted as subdeacon at his home at Mishawaka, Ind. on Easter Sunday.

Rev. Philip Hartmann, C. PP. S., former pastor of St. Mary's, Celina, O., now of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Carthagenia, O., gave us a short call on the 13th.

We are grieved to learn that Mr. Joseph Abel, '96 is seriously ill at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O. We hope soon to hear of his recovery.

Rev. Paulinus Trost, for several years a member of the Faculty, departed April 1st, to assist Rev. Godfrey Schlachter, C. PP. S. in giving a mission at the Church of The Ascension, New York.

Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick, '96, on account of illness returned from Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O. to his home at Ft. Wayne Ind. His health has already much improved, and, as we understand, he will ere long pay a visit to his Alma Mater.

We were happy to add to our visitor's list for April the name of Father Biegel of Elwood who honored us by his presence on the 28th, driving over from Remington with Father Berg.

Master Geo. Aug was called to his home at St. Leon, Ind., April 9th. During his two years' stay at this place, his genial nature won the affection of every one. He was an active member of the A. L. S., and his departure is regretted by all. He has our best wishes for success.

Most of the members of the Rev. Faculty assisted at various places during Holy Week: Father Benedict at St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind.; Father Maximilian at Whiting, Ind.; Father Alphonsus at Mishawaka, Ind.; Father Mark at Peru, Ind.; Father Chrysostom at Hammond, Ind.; Father Clement, owing to the illness of Rev. John Berg, conducted services at Remington, Ind.; and Father Eugene during Holy Week at Michigan City, and on Easter Sunday at Chesterton, Ind.

The Columbians are under obligation to Very Rev. John R. Dimmen of Lafayette for a number of relics and curios recently presented by him to the collection in their library. Among them are an autograph letter of Bishop Luers, whose name is as intimately connected with the early history of what is now Collegeville and its vicinity, as it is with the beginning of the diocese of Fort Wayne; a piece of the Chicago court house bell, a relic of the great fire of '71; and wood from the famous battle-ship, "Old Ironside." A valuable souvenir of the memorable political campaign of 1860 is a bronze medal bearing on its face the bust of "Hon. Abraham Lincoln" and representing him on its reverse as "The Rail

Splitter of the West" with his opponent, Douglas, holding the wedge for him to strike. An old copy of the *Freeman's Journal* containing an account of a mission given at Father Dinnen's church at Oxford, mentions the name of several clergymen in attendance who are now among the most prominent priests of the diocese: the Revs. M. E. Campion, John Bleckman, and A. Messman, then stationed respectively at Lafayette, Delphi, and Kentland. Through the contributions of their many friends, the Columbians are gradually acquiring a creditable museum, and they will always consider themselves indebted to those who by donations of relics or curiosities of any kind aid them in adding anything of interest or instruction to the collection they already possess.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

Prof: "Can you describe the battle of Leipzig?"—Arnold (absent-minded): "C sharp, six eights, prestissimo, Mendelsohn."

Father Eugene has taken charge of Father Paulinus's Latin class; his German is being taught by Father Clement; and Father Augustine resumed the class in Religion.

Father Benedict's Latin class is fairly advancing with the troops into the heart of Gaul. They all say that they enjoy the company of "the world's great conqueror and his own."

The first time all our Xenephontes agreed with the views of their author was in the case of those *Hellenes, hoi athymoteroi esan pros ten Anabasin*.

The question, "What causes the difference of color," was answered by Mr. Bierbrauer as follows: "That depends entirely upon in what light you consider the matter."

Simonides Piccolomini must be a great lover of the Greek tongue, since he avails himself of its beauties wherever possible. All his notes, whether vocal or instrumental, have the spiritus asper.

Father Bonaventure's pupils wish to express him their sincerest thanks for the more than ordinary interest he shows in their behalf. The reading of the *Histoire Biblique* affords them at present much benefit and pleasure.

But oh! those printer's devils. Read the last issue of the "Columbian:" "The company rumbled about in the verdant moods until, coming to an inviting blade, overgrown with green glass, they fat down on a blot of tossy surf.

Last month in the class-room examinations, a certain one to whom the premises did not appear very favorable for making the necessary deductions in proving two polygons similar, instead of the proof he subjoined: "Comparationes odiosae naturae; Q. E. D."

Media nocte procurritur et cornibus fuis parva manu hostilis exercitus vincitur.—Media ran forward during night and, having flung away the trumpets, the hostile Exercitus was conquered by her small hand.

Since a full set of new implements has been procured, our book-bindery is in a thriving condition. Some of the antique codices in our library have already assumed a more modern dress.

Senior: "Can you prove the term 'Dark Ages' to be falsely applied?"—Junior: "No I can't; I don't see why they are always fussing about it, since

even the most impartial historians say that the immense number of those great big (k)night's played the most prominent part during that epoch."

After long consultation and much debating, the third base ball nine of the Southerners upon Pat's motion adopted the famous motto, "Little potatoes are hard to peel." Their opponents in the North have set against it: "We've met yet none, but made them reel."

The victors have purchased natty grey uniforms. An appreciable increase in the playing standard is noticeable since the arrival of those auxiliaries. It might also be observed that the suits are "a thing of beauty, etc.," but it would be a cruel perpetration on a long suffering public.

The fifth year men and those living within a few hours' ride of the College spent the short Easter vacation at home. Though the view of Easter turn-outs of those who remained was limited to divers new articles of neckwear, they had the whip hand a few days later when the excursionists returned with a far away look that plainly indicated an intense longing for the flesh pots of their native burghs.

The last portion of our famous "Sahara" is now covered with greensward. This happy notion was conceived only after a late simoon had covered the most charming of its oases with a thick layer of sand. The sole thing as yet needed to give the whole surroundings an inviting appearance would be a few more rows of young maples on the west side of the main building. On the east side they have lately been added. Our orchard has, like last year, also been enlarged by several acres. Happy prospects for the boys "that are to be" of St. Joseph's.

The base ball lovers desire to express their thanks to the Faculty for the new ball park. The low land in the right field of the old diamond prevented practice almost entirely during the rainy season, while the slope in the infield aided greatly in swelling the column of errors and unearned runs. The new campus which skirts the beautiful grove on the south-west of the College is spacious and after the workmen finish the grading, Collegeville may boast of the most perfect diamond in the vicinity.

The long sad weeks of Lent are past. The mournful Jeremiads of Holy Week have slowly died away. The joyous Alleluja of Easter Day burst forth from the heart of every resurrected Christian. It has echoed and re-echoed, and its welcome sound is still lingering in our ears; but it, too, is to be superseded by another hymn, the calm, sweet, inviting melodies in praise of our Divine Mother. We are entering upon the beautiful month of May. All the students are already anxiously awaiting the time when our Heavenly Mother shall again be tendered her daily devotions, meditations and praises. Her shrine is even now most fittingly adorned; all the beauties, fragrance, and delightful productions of lovely Spring centre around the altar of the Queen of May.

"A visitor unusual and unexpected, but all the more welcome" was introduced to us by our famous Nimrods. "Having ventured far out into the unexplored but delightful regions beyond the historic Iroquois" the courageous band seemed very likely to return without "much" booty, when at last their acknowledged leader (our popular Joe, of course, who, by the way, also claims the quotations in this paragraph) espied

a wild goose. To see it and capture it, was the work of a moment. The company returned jubilant, the distinguished captive being borne before the conquerer to grace his triumph, which was unanimously awarded him. After every one had satisfied his curiosity, some ruthless men thought of conducting the innocent victim straightway to the block, but thanks to the sympathetic heart of the conquerer, her life was saved.

CLASS HONORS.

The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes at the March examinations.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

- Religion I.—S. Hartman, S. Kramer.
 “ II.—D. Neuschwanger, J. Burke.
 Religion III.—E. Ley, G. Missler.
 Latin I.—B. Wittemann.
 “ II.—S. Hartman.
 “ III.—C. Mohr.
 “ IV.—P. Steiert, T. Travers.
 “ V.—P. Sailer, E. Deininger.
 “ VI.—G. Heimburger, A. Weyman.
 Greek I.—L. Linz,
 “ II.—V. Schuette.
 “ III.—E. Deininger, D. Brackman.
 Greek IV.—A. Weyman, S. Kuhnmuensch.
 English I.—S. Hartman.
 “ II.—D. Neuschwanger.
 “ III.—P. Kanney, U. Frenzer.
 “ IV.—J. Burke.
 “ V.—I. Zircher.

- German I.—J. Burke.
 “ II.—T. Travers, M. Koester.
 “ III.—S. Kramer.
 “ IV.—H. Seiferle, D. Neuschwanger.
 “ V.—V. Schuette.
 French I.—T. Travers.
 “ II.—D. Brackman.
 “ III.—S. Kuhnmuensch, G. Hartjens, A. Weyman.
 Penmanship I.—A. Schmit, C. Rohrkemper.
 Geography I.—H. Kalvelage, C. Rohrkemper, R. Monin, M. Koester,
 Bible History I.—L. Panther, R. Peelle.
 “ “ II.—H. Hoestman, H. Kalvelage, C. Rohrkemper, S. Hartman.
 U. S. History I.—E. Ley.
 Modern History I.—H. Fehrenbach, C. Crusey.
 Arithmetic I.—E. Kiely.
 “ II.—C. Rohrkemper, P. Baker.
 Arithmetic III.—T. Kraemer, D. Schneider.
 Arithmetic IV.—J. Engesser.
 Algebra I.—H. Luke, Z. Yæckle, J. Steinbrunner.
 Algebra II. & III.—D. Brackman, P. Kanney, T. Brackman, T. Travers, H. Fehrenbach.
 Geometry I.—P. Kanney, T. Travers.
 “ II.—D. Brackman, J. Burke.
 Trigonometry.—G. Heimburger.
 Natural Philosophy I.—D. Brackman.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

- Penmanship.—J. Riefers.
 Book-Keeping and Commercial Law
 Class I.—G. Diefenbach, T. Thienes.
 “ II.—E. Schneider.
 “ III.—E. Schweitzer, T. McLoughlin.
 Class IV.—J. Engesser.
 Music.—W. Arnold, J. Riefers.

(For other classes in the Com. and Normal Courses see the Classical department.)

NORMAL COURSE.

English.—J. Bøke.
 Geography,—F. Horst.
 Physiology,—J. Bøke.
 Pedagogy,—J. Bøke.
 U. S History,—J. Steinbrunner.
 Civil Government,—H. Reichert.
 Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

ROLL OF HONOR.

J. Connelly, I. Zircher, F. Koch, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, W. Horde-
 man, E. Ley, J. Burke, B. Maloy, C.
 Crusey, H. Reichert, G. Aug, E.
 Schneider, H. Kalvelage, W. Laibe, J.
 Reifers, A. Diller, W. Arnold, E. Wills,
 C. Rohrkemper, T. Reitz, S. Kuhn-
 muench, T. Brackman, D. Brackman,
 H. Fehrenbach, F. Ersing, V. Krull, V.
 Muinch, P. Sailer, T. Saurer, I. Rapp,
 V. Schuette, C. Faist, A. Missler, P.
 Staiert, G. Didier, U. Frenzer, L. Linz,
 Z. Yæckle, R. Stolz, T. Kremer, C.
 Miller, S. Mayer, D. Neuschwanger, E.
 Hefele, H. Luke, H. Seiferle, B. Staiert,
 S. Kremer, B. Wittemann, S. Hartman.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

Toronto, Ont., July 14th to 18th.

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

The "Big Four Route" will name Special Low Rates for this convention and calls attention to superiority of its line from St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, via Cleveland, Buffalo and Niagara Falls to Toronto, or via Toledo and Detroit. Apply for full particulars.

Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION.

San Francisco, July 7-12.

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

On occasion of this great meeting the "Big Four Route" will name Special Low Rates from all points on its system via Chicago, St. Louis or Peoria. The "Big Four" run through trains from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis to St. Louis and Peoria; and from Cincinnati and Louisville to Chicago. Full information can be obtained on application to the nearest agent.

National Educational Association Convention, Milwaukee, Wis.,

July 6-9.

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

The "Big Four Route" will name Special Low Rates to the teachers and their friends for the annual meeting to be held at Milwaukee. These occasions are always looked forward to as among the most pleasurable trips which can be made during the summer. The superior line of the "Big Four Route" between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus and intermediate points to Chicago, will afford the best facilities. Full information concerning this trip will be cheerfully furnished on application to any agent of the Big Four Route.

The Monon Route, with its accustomed enterprise, has put on a through sleeper from Chicago to Washington and Baltimore, via Cincinnati and Parkersburg, by way of the C., H. & D.; B. & O. S-W., and B. & O. The train leaves Chicago at 2:45 and Monon 5:15 a. m.

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